

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Courper.*



IN MR. PAINSON'S OFFICE.

ROOKSTONE.

CHAPTER XXXI.—JANET'S SCHEME.

ALMOST before Mr. Painson had settled himself at his desk next morning a lady was announced. He was surprised to see Janet Wolferston. He had not met her since her mother's death, and it seemed to him strange that she should be going about so soon by herself.

"I am not alone," she said, answering his sur-

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prised look. "Poor Thompson is staying at Mrs. Webb's till we can find a place for her, but I left her down-stairs because I want to see you alone."

Mr. Painson smiled, but he soon looked grave when Janet told him the purport of her visit. As she went on, his interest plainly slackened, and when she said that her mother could not be sure that the will was signed, he shook his head impatiently.

"My dear Miss Janet, you must excuse me, but that is so like a woman, to build up a history on what really has not a leg to stand on. Your father

may have made another will; but if unsigned it is of no more use than this newspaper."

"But my mother did not say she was sure it was not signed."

"Well, then, the thing remains as it was; still, I can't think that any one so sharp as your cousin Richard would allow a duly executed will to lie about where any one might find it, always supposing him to be cognisant of its existence; but perhaps you mean that Mr. Richard is ignorant of this other will?"

"Ignorant!" Janet's eyes flashed; she was indignant with Mr. Painsion for his tameness and want of sympathy. "Why was the study kept locked then? why did Richard never come to inquire for my mother—for I wrote to him at once to say how ill she was? No, Mr. Painsion, it is useless to try to shake my belief in his guilt; you yourself doubted the will at first."

"True, but I afterwards told you that I had questioned the witnesses, and had no reason to doubt their signatures."

"But suppose the will to have been a forgery altogether, it would have been very easy to put the same date; and then if the handwriting of these people were skilfully imitated, I cannot see how questioning them would serve you."

"Don't be in too great a hurry, my dear child; all these doubts occurred to me, but in my youth I was for some time with an expert, and I have not lost the practice I acquired with him. I dared not communicate my doubts to your mother till I could prove them, but as soon as I found that she would not let me attack the will on the plea of your father's mental incapacity at the time he executed it, I got both the witnesses to sign their names, and compared them with the signatures affixed to the will; they are identically the same. Richard Wolferton may have done much in the way of undue influence, but you may be sure in your own mind, Miss Janet, that the will under which he holds the property is no forgery; he would not have left it in my hands and have transferred the business part of it entirely to me if he had been afraid of a flaw in it."

Janet did not interrupt him, but his words had not made the slightest impression on her conviction respecting the will.

"All you say may be quite right," she said, calmly, "and yet the will my mother found may be that which my father really meant to leave behind him. Remember she was not sure about the signatures; now, Mr. Painsion, you see it is lost time to try to persuade me out of this belief. What I have come to you for, is to ask how I am to set about disputing Richard's possession of Rookstone."

Mr. Painsion looked very grave.

"In your sister's present state of health I should say, do nothing at all, and indeed, my dear young lady, I scarcely see what you can do in any case. Supposing—and, mind you, I do not credit the supposition, but just for the sake of argument we will suppose—that will in the study to be genuine and fully executed, how are we to get at it? If your brother-in-law be what you think him to be, he will destroy it on the first hint of a contest, and then where are you? you will have incurred all sorts of expenses, for there is no use in attacking Richard Wolferton except in a formal legal manner; you will have created family disunion, have brought yourself under public notice, to serve no purpose."

Janet made no answer; she leaned back in her chair, thinking. Her judgment had always been clear, but the excitement which had possessed her since the previous evening had added wings to her thoughts and had given a power of rapid invention which by nature she had not.

Mr. Painsion did not disturb her; he knew Janet to be capable of reflection—a capacity he denied to the generality of womankind—and he fondled his chin complacently with his left hand and decided that his last argument had proved "a settler."

She turned round abruptly, her animated face lit up by a glow of unusual excitement.

"But if a credible witness could see the will, and swear to the signatures, would not that be sufficient to establish the case?"

"If!—why of course it would place Richard Wolferton in an awkward position; but we are talking in the clouds. Any one who could see the will, supposing it to exist, must see it without Richard Wolferton's knowledge, and I can scarcely tell how this could be managed, it would be almost as easy to get possession of it, eh?"

He looked half mockingly, half inquiringly, into Janet's eyes, for their expression roused his curiosity.

"And supposing the will, or an accurate description of it, were brought to you, you would undertake to see my little Christy righted?"

"If the moon falls at my door-step to-night I promise you a slice," he laughed. "My dear child, you are left alone in the world now, and have only me to advise you; pray be careful, think of the scandal and distress you would bring on yourself by an unsuccessful suit against your brother-in-law; he is very clever, and, I am afraid, he is not over scrupulous; take my advice and let well alone."

"Good-by," said Janet, "you are a dear kind friend, Mr. Painsion, although you are so very cautious."

She pressed his hand warmly; he seemed the last relic left of the old life at Rookstone, and she went back to Mrs. Webb's to develop into a practical shape the sudden and singular idea that had darted into her mind in Mr. Painsion's office.

Mary had not yet written to her; she had been too ill to do so, and Janet had mentally decided that, with her present feelings towards Richard Wolferton, she could not go to Rookstone; but now she took a different view. If Richard was not the rightful possessor, why should she shrink from accepting his hospitality? In her self-imposed character of redresser of Christy's wrongs and her father's memory, she persuaded herself that anything was to be attempted for the end to be attained.

If she had not been carried away by her intense purpose she must have shrunk from the step she now contemplated, but when Christy was safe in bed she sat up long into the night, revolving the project which seemed to have become the one aim of her life.

She waked in the morning with an unusual feeling of disquiet and dissatisfaction.

A letter for her was lying on the breakfast-table.

As she read it the clouds cleared from Janet's face. It was plain that she was in the right way; here it was smoothed for her.

The letter was from Mary; she was still very ill and weak, and she should be so glad to see Janet; would she come to her the next day for a few weeks? she was sure Janet would like to see baby; and then,

in a few sorrowful words at the end, the poor girl spoke of her mother, and of the longing she felt to hear all the details of her illness.

Janet hesitated as to whether she should acquaint Mr. Painsown with her visit. Why should she do this? he would only send her a budget of cautions which would make her angry with him and do no good. She must tell Henry Wenlock, of course. Mary said that both she and Richard would be glad to see Henry, but Janet knew that her lover resented Richard's usurpation far too keenly to allow him to accept his hospitality, and she was glad of this. She wanted to be alone at Rookstone, free and unwatched by any one who took a special interest in her.

She wrote at once to accept Mary's invitation.

"You will not mind losing me for about a week, Christy, dear?" she said to her little brother when he came home to dinner, for it was a half-holiday.

Christy's face lengthened.

"Louisa laughs at me so," he said; "I hate girls to laugh at one; and, do you know, Janet, I believe I hate Cousin Webb? she says I'm to call her Mrs."

"Well, that is not such a great crime, Christy dear." She put her arms fondly round the boy and kissed him.

"It isn't that. I'm not such a baby as that," he said, indignantly; "but when you find fault with me, Janet, you do it seriously, and unless I am naughty I know it is for my good; but Cousin Webb's way is different. I'm not saying it to tell tales, but that way she has of laughing and half scolding makes me as angry as anything. If she were only a boy I know I'd give her a licking."

"Oh! Christy," and his sister looked distressed, for she began to fear that, in her absence, matters might grow serious, "you will try and be good while I go away, won't you? I will not stay a day longer than I can help, darling," and she hugged him closely to her. "I am not going to please myself; try and think of your lessons, and I will ask cousin to invite your friend Roger to spend next half-holiday with you, and Henry will be sure to come and see you."

The last promise seemed to give the greatest comfort.

"I wish you would make haste and marry Henry," the boy said; "he is a regular jolly fellow, and treats me as if I really was his own brother—he's different from Richard; Janet," he said, looking very serious, "do you think Richard is kind to Mary now there is no one left to take care of her?"

"Yes, I think so; dear mamma thought so; but now remember what I said about cousin; try not to be saucy, you will soon have me back you know; and, dear Christy, we are only here for a little while, so we must try and make the best of it."

Janet did not like to encourage the child in angry dissatisfied thoughts, and yet she had already seen enough of Mrs. Webb in her own home to be sure that Christy could not benefit by maintaining any close intimacy with his cousins.

But she was to start for Rookstone to-morrow, and her head was too busy with the scheme she had resolved to execute to give much thought to anything extraneous. Christy and his vexations were soon forgotten, and herself and the part she was to play again became paramount.

There is no subject of contemplation so fascinating as self; it may tempt us in the way of self-worship as to our outward appearance, or self-esteem respect-

ing our mental powers, or worse, and more ensnaring than all, under the pretence of humility, self-contemplation.

Janet did not write to Henry to announce her intended journey till evening. She meant to start early next morning, but it seemed to her that the plan she had laid down must unravel this secret which seemed to stand as a barrier between herself and her promised husband, and although she tried to believe that as yet he was not aware of any estrangement between them, still the restraint the secret imposed had become to her so painful that she resolved not to risk the chance of seeing Henry again till she had accomplished her purpose.

She would not leave Rookstone till she had found entrance to her father's study and seen the will, the discovery of which, as she firmly believed, had caused her mother's death.

CHAPTER XXXII.—KITTY AGAIN.

JANET was at Rookstone, but two days had gone and she had made no progress in the search she had resolved on.

Both doors of the study were locked. She had searched in every likely place but she could find no trace of the key.

Just now in talking to Mary, Janet had said, carelessly, she should like to revisit their father's study.

"It is impossible, dear; I don't know why, but Richard always keeps the key in his pocket; he even scolded me during my illness because I left it in the saloon."

"You have had the key, then?" said Janet, eagerly.

"Yes, he gave it to me when he went to Scotland. I laughed at him and called it his Blue Beard's chamber, for he said I had better not go into the study myself, nor let any one know that I had the key; and would you believe it, Janet, I was so careless that on the very evening poor Jem Robbins took me for a pheasant—I always tease Kitty about this, although of course the poor fellow fired at a pheasant—just because the key felt heavy in my pocket, I took it out and put it on one of the chimney-pieces in the saloon. I think Richard said somebody unlocked the door and went in, but I was so ill that I don't quite remember; and then you know came the news of dearest mamma's illness. Oh, Janet, how I envy you, you who were with her till the last."

Mary lay back on her sofa, crying bitterly; she had not yet left her room, she was still too weak to bear any extra fatigue.

At another time Janet would have soothed her and shared in her sorrow, but Mary's words had so completely realised her mother's story, that she could think of nothing else.

It was a dull lowering afternoon. Richard had gone out shooting and had said he should not be in till dinner-time.

He had given Janet a cheerful welcome to Rookstone, but she had been much struck by the change in his appearance and manner, a change which her mother's report on her first return to Brompton had not in any way prepared her for. He was so terribly aged; he looked careworn and haggard. When they were alone together at breakfast and dinner he never spoke unless Janet addressed him, and then he seemed to force an unnatural cheerfulness.

Was he afraid of her? Janet, asked herself, or was

he haunted by the remembrance of his crime?—for that he was criminal she never doubted. Had she known how terrible his anxiety had been about his wife, and how great a shock he had sustained in finding her mother, as he thought, lifeless on the floor of the study, she might have been more merciful in her judgment.

But Janet was in no mood for mercy. Wrought up as she believed to a high purpose, the purpose of redressing her brother's wrongs and vindicating her father's justice, she never looked on the other side of the picture. She never thought of the possibility of Richard's innocence, of her sister's shame and misery, should he be proved guilty; she was wholly bent on discovering a means of access to the study. She came down from Mary's room and looked at the closed door, and it seemed to her that this mystery about the key was a fresh proof of Richard's guilt. The difficulty of getting possession of this key—for it was not likely that Richard would again trust it to his careless wife—had thrown Janet into a renewed perplexity, and she had quitted her sister hastily to think it out.

Mary had announced her intention of coming down next day into the saloon, and her presence would interfere with Janet's freedom of action. It was more than probable, too, that Richard would be so delighted to have his wife down-stairs again that he would stay indoors, and Janet felt that it was only in his absence that she was fearless. The gaze of those dark, penetrating eyes seemed to paralyse her wits. What she had to do must be done this afternoon. There were still three hours of daylight left, and then there would be an hour of darkness before Richard came in. She seated herself with her back to the window, and resolutely closed her eyes, so that no object should divert her thoughts. A whole hour passed, and still she had not stirred; her brain remained blank and empty. The clock on the mantelshelf struck three-quarters past two; the silver tones seemed to mock her, and she started from her seat and paced up and down the saloon—up and down till she stood still before one of the windows, and looked out over the park. How beautiful the trees were in their golden and russet foliage, as bright as the many-tinted pheasants that every now and then showed suddenly through their boughs. The peacocks were in their accustomed place on the terrace wall, everything was as it used to be, and yet to Janet all was altered.

"But it need not be altered," she said, passionately; "if I had only courage and resolution and wit enough, I should devise a means for restoring his rights to my dear little Christy—"

And Henry too—he had been defrauded of the portion he expected to receive with her. What could she do? and as she asked herself the question it was answered.

She would go and consult Kitty Robbins. From her mother's account the old woman had not overcome her dislike to Richard Wolferston; it would not, therefore, be creating any fresh prejudice against him if she took her into counsel.

She went up-stairs to her own room and got her hat and cloak. The rain was beginning to fall, but she took no heed of it, she was too much absorbed in her purpose. No heed did she take either of Monsieur François Leroux.

He was standing just outside the open hall door, but he watched Janet's movements attentively. Then shrugging his shoulders as she went into the saloon

again dressed for walking, he said, "I shall nevar arrive to understand these English; they are too profound for me. Here is a young lady—pretty, amiable, and as she should be—she come to see madame, her sister, who, Eulalie tell to me, she love very much. Well, what do she do? These two days I observe her. She stay very little up-stairs in madame's room, she walk always alone about the house, and now this afternoon the squire have gone out for longer time than ordinary, and instead of being with her sister to make themselves cheerful together, she come down-stairs with a so serious face, and she walk out in the rain. It is a thing not to be believed, a nice delicate young lady to leave a pretty comfortable room where she have a friend who can speak with her, and with whom she can enjoy, and go instead into the rain and dirt and spoil her toilet and her boots."

If he had seen the state of Janet's boots when she reached Kitty's cottage, he would have congratulated himself on his foresight.

It seemed as if the weather was against her project, for the path she took was narrow, bordered on each side by tall grass and weeds, and long before she was half way on her journey these became so completely saturated with the fast-falling rain, that she might almost as well have walked through water.

"Well, sure! Miss Janet; who'd a thowt o' seeing 'ee!" and Kitty started up to welcome her visitor and let fall the ball of yarn off which she was knitting Jem's new winter socks. "Sit 'ee down close agen the fire"—she was dusting a chair with her apron while she spoke—"and let I see to 'ee bits o' boots."

But Janet refused to change these; she had but little time, she said, and she could not spare a moment of it; if she got her boots off she much doubted being able to get them on again.

"Now, Kitty, listen: I will come and see you again, and talk over old times, and tell you about Christy, and all you want to know; but now I want your help, for I am in great trouble."

The keen face eyed hers shrewdly, and then resting her chin between both her shrivelled hands, the old woman sat, intently listening.

"The second time that my mother was here," said Janet, "she went into my father's study, and she saw something there which—which—it is of great importance to me to see also. But I find that the study-door is always kept locked, and I have reason to believe that even if I asked Mr. Wolferston for it, he would not give me the key. Now, Kitty, I have come to you for help; I know you are very quick-witted, and I think you may be able to hit on some plan by which I can get into the study without the squire's knowledge."

She left off speaking, but Kitty made no answer; she seemed to be studying her visitor's face, while a scornful look spread fast over her own.

"Miss Janet," she said, "I be old, but, as 'ee wur sayin', I hanna lost the wits God gived I, and thay be sharp 'uns; Miss Janet, thay be sharp 'uns enough not to let I go into nothink blindfold. Do 'ee think, miss, as Kitty be too old an' foolish to guess whatten your blessed mother seed in that there room? 'ee be a lady bworn, miss, and knaws better than a auld gowk such as I, but I'll lay 'ee've got scent o' another will now, or 'ee'd not be in such a caddle."

The colour rushed up to Janet's temples; she felt ashamed of her want of confidence. How could she expect this old woman to run a risk in her service if she only treated her as a blind instrument.

She took one of the wrinkled hands in her own; her eyes glowed with excitement and youth as she stood before Kitty, her dripping garments clinging closely round her, while the old woman crouched in her high-backed chair, her blue gown and apron and spotless white neckerchief thrown into high relief by the glancing firelight; she kept her keen eyes fixed sternly on Janet, as if she would force the truth from her, whether she willed it or not.

"You are right, Kitty, and I was wrong; well, it was a will that my mother saw, but she was not sure that it was signed."

"And what wur the matter o' that?" Kitty's eyes flashed out under her thick irregular brows, and her voice grew shrill as she went on. "Roight; must be roight; let the writin' be as it may, if yer father willed the squoire to be measter o' Rookstone, let he bide measter, but if him hav' wronged Measter Christy, the real squoire's own darlin', let he look to heself; I allus said I'd ferret out the rights o' it some day, but I'se na lookin' for the day to come so soon."

She had kept hold of Janet's hand while she spoke, and now giving it a painful grip she let it fall and stood erect, as if to show that she was ready to obey orders.

"Can you think of any way by which I can get into the study?" said Janet, eagerly, for she knew how fast time was flying.

"There's the winder," said Kitty, with the singular promptitude which distinguished her from most old women.

Janet shook her head. "I thought of the window; if it looked on to the terrace it would be easy, but those side windows are at such a height from the ground, no trees or anything to help a climber; and besides, Kitty, the study window is sure to be bolted inside."

"Then that be just what it be sure not to be," said Kitty, triumphantly; and if François Leroux had seen the malicious twinkle in her eyes he would have pronounced her more like a witch than ever. "I'se na helped thay lazy gals up at t' house so oft not to know summat about thay fastenings. The real squoire hated fastenings: him say to I, 'Kitty,' him say, 'I loike to open my window when I will to open he, dwoant ye bother I wi' no bolts; an' if so be as that there room beant used since, I ask ye how should the bolt be fast now? not it, 'ee may make sure o' thatten.'"

"Well, but—" Janet spoke doubtfully, for she was only half convinced—"supposing I find the window unfastened, how can I get to it? I cannot climb up the bare wall; besides, I should be seen by some one."

"That 'ere be true, miss." Kitty mused; even she considered this a real difficulty.

Presently she began muttering to herself. "Them be roipe and them dwoant ought be left hangin' for the bottleflies to spile. Tell 'ee what, Miss Janet," she said, turning round with a broad smile on her face, "'ee may go home as fast as 'ee loikes and leave Kitty to do 'ee business. Dwoant 'ee be seen goin' fro' the park, that be my way; and our roads dwoant oughtened lie together. Well, Miss Janet, betime ee'r standin' below t' study winder, may be 'ee'll find Kitty there wi' a key as'll let 'ee in.'"

Janet questioned, but she got no answer, except a recommendation to be off as fast as she might, if she did not want Kitty to be on the ground first.

Janet departed, half satisfied; she knew that the road was much the longest; but she knew, too, that the old woman was right in saying they ought not to be seen both together.

Kitty stood looking after her. "Her be loike she's father after all. I would na' ha' thowt it, such a serious, quiet lass—but I maun be gooin', or she's young legs 'ull beat my old 'uns." She wrapped herself up warmly, and even then she shuddered a little at venturing her rheumatic bones into the rain; but it was not quite such a down-pour as Janet had met with, and Kitty was better defended, and had, moreover, a huge gingham umbrella. "Us'll see this day," she said to herself, as she trudged along, "what gratitooode there be in men folk. I'se na' asked my neyay Paul for a good turn since I got he the garden place at Rookstone; him wur a good lad onst, and I wur all a same as a mother to he till him wur saxteen an' more: but I dwoant believe in ne'er a man alive, except my gowk of a Jem."

April.

Tis a true picture of the hopes and fears
That mingle life's short day with joy and sorrow,
Which from a changeful April day we borrow,
With smiles concluding what began with tears:
For lo! o'er yon retreating storm appears
The radiant Bow that spans the fresh-drawn furrow,
And, with good promise of a brighter morrow,
The passing gloom of the moist evening cheers.
And lo! that cloud-born splendour, eastward verging,
Tells of God's covenant to the earth emerging
From her first judgment of the watery grave:
And of her second day of doom foretelling,
The billows of a fiery deluge swelling,
Bears a true witness of God's power to save!

W. LANGFORD.

THE BURIAL OF NAPOLEON I.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

As one of the few surviving residents at St. Helena at the time of the great Napoleon, I recently gave some account of the circumstances of his captivity in that island.* Some few additional recollections may be of interest to the reader, now that the history of the dynasty has entered on another phase.

The death of Napoleon Buonaparte, on the evening of the 5th of May, 1821, was accompanied with circumstances which those then living on the island could not well forget. For a few days previously it was pretty generally known that his end was approaching, and on the evening of this day, about six o'clock, his death was announced to Sir Hudson Lowe. That evening was certainly remarkable for the wildest storm that could ever there be recollected. Houses were shaken, trees torn up by the roots, and furious were the blasts, I can well remember, that rushed and howled through the deep valleys and ravines of the rocky island, on that memorable night. Not a few families remained sitting up; while a universal gloom seemed spread over all faces, from no other assignable cause, apparently, further than a kind of irresistible sympathy with the war of

* "Leisure Hour," October, 1870.

elements without, and the solemn event which had just occurred. The actual concurrence, however, of these most unusual phenomena can hardly fail to remind us of similar strange coincidences recorded at the departure from this world of others most memorable in its history. At the death of our Cromwell, so terribly remarkable was the tempest accompanying, that every historian of the time relates it, and so when "mighty Cæsar" fell, like "portentous signs" are noted and chronicled.

The instructions to Sir George Cockburn had provided that in case of the death of Buonaparte his body was to be taken to England; but it seems that counter orders had been subsequently transmitted to Sir Hudson Lowe—and it is said that Buonaparte had left a request that in the event of his dying at St. Helena, and his body not being sent to Europe for interment, he should be buried in a place which he indicated,* and which he had frequently before visited, whilst Count and Countess Bertrand resided near it previous to the building of their new house at Longwood. A beautiful spring here, also, of the purest water, had attracted his notice, so much so that he was accustomed daily, in two silver bottles of his own, to be supplied from this ever fresh and crystal fountain.

Perhaps no better way, once for all, of giving a right impression of the generous consideration evinced by the British Government to provide for the comfort and accommodation of their dethroned captive, can be, than by presenting a plain and exact account of the residence which was prepared for him, and completed before his death. Such a building, with such resources as the island could supply, of course compelled an extraordinary labour and cost, immensely enhanced by the necessity of importing from abroad many things that were required.

I have myself frequently visited this mansion, and, indeed, at one time, while on the island, was in possession of some of the valuable furniture designed for the ex-emperor.

The building is square, the interior sides forming a central courtyard with a carriage-way through it. Two sides, the north and west, consist of the apartments that were intended for the principal occupant. They are upon one floor, but in the rest of the building there are attics. The east side was designed for Count Montholon and his family, and in the remaining side are the rooms which were to have been inhabited by the priest, the physician, and others of the suite, besides the orderly officer. The main entrance is to the northward, across the centre of a veranda supported by cast-iron pillars giving admittance to an apartment 38ft. by 22ft. To the left is the drawing-room, 26ft. by 22ft., and on the right is the library, 28ft. by 24ft. The dimensions of the dining-room are 26ft. by 20ft.; and those of the other parts of the edifice are of corresponding proportions. The whole covers an area of 122ft. square, independently of a yard and detached buildings on the south side, and is finished in a good style by workmen sent out from England for the purpose.

It was not with indifference at least that Buonaparte beheld the progress of a structure which in its

very ample arrangements seemed but too portentously to denote his hopeless exile and detention. Accordingly he showed his aversion to its erection by never visiting it, excepting when, as far as possible, he could do so unobserved. The keys were left for his convenience, and once or twice, when the workmen and all others were absent, he did so far show his interest or curiosity as privately and unattended to avail himself for a short time of the opportunity.

It was on the 9th of May (and not the 8th, as by Alison stated) that Napoleon's funeral took place. From Longwood to the height immediately over his tomb the distance might somewhat exceed a mile by the winding road, which lay for the most part along the edge of what was supposed to be an extinct crater. Almost the entire way was lined for the occasion with troops—artillery, regimental, garrison, and militia. The body, in a car drawn by four horses, and the whole funeral procession, passed along the front of this line of troops, the band of each corps playing solemn music. These disposed over such an extended space could be heard at different places and intervals, and as the tuneful dirges rose into the air, and were wafted by the gentle winds from hill to hill, the effect upon the feelings of the wild, wailing, and yet sweet notes, with the associations at that moment, it would not be easy to describe.

The further progress and termination of this ever-memorable interment have been already amply and minutely narrated by various other pens, therefore in this direction it may be assumed curiosity itself has been satisfied; and yet at the time I can well remember how insatiable was the craving everywhere for everything about the living, or the dying, or the dead Napoleon—

"As though a fame so wondrous great
Could greatness give but to relate."

Alison's few and affecting lines, however, may well here close this scene. "The coffin was lowered amidst the speechless emotion and tears of all present; three successive volleys of musketry and artillery announced that the mighty conqueror was laid in his grave; a single stone of great size was placed over his remains; and the solitary willow wept over the tomb of him for whom the earth itself had once hardly seemed a fitting mausoleum."

And yet, alas! how evanescent would seem, however stirring at the time, all such sensational sympathies. A few weeks or months at farthest, while the happy bird could be seen to alight and chirp as aforetime upon the boughs of that "sacred willow-tree" which overhung the tomb of the world's greatest captain, the light-hearted and irreverent negro passing to or from his daily toil could be heard whistling his accustomed tune, as though beneath that awful sod lay no more than the remains of some poor black brother.

Nevertheless, at times far other scenes could be witnessed on the selfsame spot. For years after his burial "Napoleon's Tomb" was regarded as an object of the deepest interest by the many visitors or passing voyagers then resorting to this island. But in the French especially was this excited interest observable. Their first great impulse on landing seemed to hurry them to the tomb. I have often seen eager throngs climbing the hills, exposed to a

* Incorrectly called by Alison "Slane" Valley. Properly, it should have been written "Sane" Valley, and thus "the Seine," possibly from the singular affinity in sound occurring to him, might have suggested to Napoleon the wish, if buried at all on the island, it might be in this sequestered spot.

burning tropical sun, and pressing forward to the spot. And I have heard transports that certainly to an ordinary Englishman must ever appear incomprehensible. While some wept, some all but worshipped. The name, the memory, the shade, of Napoleon was invoked, apostrophised, glorified, and this often with many and impassioned gesticulations.

But before I leave the subject of this far-famed willow, I must mention a tradition which belongs to it, interesting not least to some survivors most dear to me. Years before the arrival of Napoleon at St. Helena, my wife's father, then residing during the hot months at a cottage in the immediate vicinity of Napoleon's future tomb, planted with his own hands a willow slip, which in time proved that identical full-grown tree under whose shade was destined to repose the body even of the renowned Napoleon. Of course the wildest dream could not then have conjured up an actual future so startling.

Five-and-twenty years had passed from the time of his exile when the ashes of Napoleon were brought back to Europe, and his dying request fulfilled by general consent, "that his body might repose on the banks of the Seine among the people whom he had loved so well."

In the month of October, 1840 (the same month when, twenty-five years previously, Napoleon arrived at St. Helena), the "*Belle Poule*," one of the finest frigates in the French navy, having on board the Prince Joinville, was seen to cast anchor under the batteries of the principal fort. When Napoleon landed here a quarter of a century before, the first and only night that he slept in Jamestown was in a house in the same street, directly opposite that in which I lived, and in the same room where, not many years previously, had also slept his hardly less renowned antagonist the Duke of Wellington, when, as Sir Arthur Wellesley, he was on his way home from India. Repeatedly I have heard my father speaking of his conversations with both these remarkable men.

But to return to the "*Belle Poule*" and her special mission. I pass over all that already has been abundantly before the public, and confine myself to facts as related by one who, himself on the spot, was either a witness or actual partaker of the transaction.

Everything being prepared for the important operation, at half an hour after midnight of the 14th—15th of October, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the arrival of Napoleon Buonaparte at St. Helena, the first blow was struck which was to open the grave where he had slumbered the sleep of death so long. Even the workmen who were engaged in digging out the earth seemed to be impressed with awe at the extraordinary work they were performing. All was hushed as death. Not a sound was heard save now and then the word of command necessary to direct the labours as the work proceeded. The waning moon occasionally threw her pale light upon the scene below, but again she would be obscured by dark clouds, and the rain fell in torrents. No light would then be visible but the glimmer of the numerous lanterns used by the workmen, and the solitary watch-fire which was burning near the tent, thus giving the scene the appearance of a bivouac: yet none moved; all remained as it were chained to the spot (the aged Bertrand, Gourmand, and others, French, together with the appointed officials on the part of England), exposed to, but regardless of the inclemency of the weather, anxiously watching the work as it slowly proceeded.

There was much difficulty occasioned by the mass of cement and masonry obstructing the approach to the slab that covered the coffin. The coffin was then lifted out of the tomb by means of shears, and deposited on the ground on the left side of the grave, whence it was carefully borne by twelve men of the Royal Artillery to a tent erected for its reception, when the service *Levée du corps* was performed.*

The outer mahogany coffin having been removed, the inner ones were carefully placed within the leaden coffin contained in the sarcophagus sent from France, and the lids of the old leaden and of the second mahogany coffin were cut through, and so opened. The old tin coffin, the last cover which shrouded the remains, became thus exposed to view, and at one o'clock (His Excellency, the Governor, and Staff having arrived in the meantime from Plantation House) this was also cut through, when the satin covering over the body appeared, which the surgeon of the "*Belle Poule*" gently raised, and thus displayed the body of the emperor. It was in excellent condition, and seemed to have been almost miraculously preserved; there was an appearance of mould all over the body and habiliments, but his features, nearly unaltered, were immediately recognised by his old friends and followers. The hands, which Dr. Guillard touched (and he was the only person who touched the corpse), were perfect and firm "as a mummy," he said, and the appearance of the whole body was that of one who had lately been interred. The eyes were fallen, and the bridge of the nose a little sunk; but the lower part of the face, remarkable for its great breadth and fulness, was perfect. His epaulets and the several stars and orders on his breast were tarnished; his jack-boots covered with mildew, which, when Dr. Guillard slightly rubbed, came off, and the leather underneath was perfectly black and sound. His cocked hat lay across his thighs, and the silver vase with the Imperial eagle, which contains his heart, stood in the hollow above the ankles, but had assumed a bronze hue.

The body remained exposed to view from two to three minutes, when it was sprinkled by the surgeon with some chemical composition, and the old tin, as well as the old and new leaden coffins, were carefully soldered up by M. Leroux, a French plumber, who attended for that purpose. The sarcophagus was then closed and locked, and the key delivered by Captain Alexander to Count Chabot, with the remark, that as he and the witnesses sent out from France had been enabled to satisfy themselves that the body of the late emperor was really deposited in the sarcophagus now before them, he had, by order of His Excellency the Governor, the honour of delivering over to him the key; and had further to inform them that everything was in readiness to convey the body with due honour to the town, there to be transferred by His Excellency in person to the care of His Royal Highness Prince Joinville.

The procession and proceedings immediately following the exhumation are all now common history. Every honour and token of sympathy and respect, suitable to the solemn occasion, was decorously and cheerfully tendered, both by the local authorities and inhabitants generally, and which at the time

* Alison's statement, "the sepulchre was opened in presence of all the officers of the island," would imply that the whole occurrence took place during the day; whereas the persons present were a very limited number, and night was selected for the solemn ceremony to avoid the pressure and annoyance of a crowd.

was handsomely and gratefully acknowledged on the part of the French representatives.

The following copy of a letter written by a lieutenant of the "Superb," ship of war, during a visit paid by the fugitive emperor to that vessel, affords an illustration of the universal interest which was taken in every circumstance connected with the great Napoleon :—

"Superb," Basque Roads, 16th July, 1815.

"One of the most extraordinary circumstances has occurred that ever happened,—nothing less than the presence of Napoleon Bonaparte, whom we have now on board the 'Superb,' and who is on the eve of sailing for England in the 'Bellerophon,' 74. I am very sorry that I cannot have time to give you a full description of this wonderful personage,—the boat being on the very point of carrying him away again. He has been to breakfast with our Admiral—has thrown himself on the mercy of the Prince Regent; and, if he is permitted to land in England, may possibly be in London soon. We have all had a very long and earnest gaze at this person, who has for so many years filled the world with wonder and enormities: he is a stout, very fat, swarthy, sallow-faced man—but in my eyes has nothing very extraordinary or majestic about him,—has very penetrating eyes, and something, I assure you, very demoniac in his countenance. He appears cheerful, but to me it looks forced. His confidential general, Bertrand, is with him, as are Savary, Duke of Rovigo, and several other generals, and two ladies, Madame Savary and another. I hope the 'Superb' will follow to England very shortly.

Most truly yours, J. HUTTON."

THE GREAT BUSTARD.

TOWARDS the close of last year, reports were spread of the appearance, in various parts of the south of England, of a large bird unknown to the localities. By-and-by it was ascertained that these were stray specimens of the great bustard, once common in this country, but long since extinct as a habitual resident. From a paper read by Mr. Cecil Smith at Taunton, before the Somerset Archaeological and Natural History Society, and reported in "Land and Water," we give some account of one of the migratory groups that astonished the natives of that county. This bird, Mr. C. Smith said, in exhibiting his specimen—one of a flock of eight that made their appearance on the last day of the old year in the neighbourhood of Braunton, near Barnstaple—is probably a hen bird of the first year, certainly not more than the second year. These eight birds remained in the neighbourhood of Braunton and Croyde for some days. Three of them were shot, and the others removed in search of more hospitable quarters.

The bustard is still found in many parts of Europe in considerable numbers. In France, Germany, Spain, Italy, parts of Russia, the Crimea (it turned up on the heights of Balaklava during the siege), on the plains of Tartary, and other parts of Asia, also in the North of Africa. Although it was formerly resident in England throughout the year, it is really a migratory bird; its migratory propensities are probably much developed by stress of weather and scarcity of food. Whether either of these causes, or the war in France, has been the reason for the present unusual immigration, it is perhaps difficult to say. I should myself be inclined to think bad weather, and consequent want of food, the more probable cause, as this has been a severe winter in more places than England.

In olden times the great bustard was plentiful in many counties of England, especially Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridgeshire, Yorkshire, and the two neighbouring counties of Wilts and Dorset; but its

numbers have long been gradually dwindling. Montagu, writing as long ago as 1813, the date of the Supplement to his "Ornithological Dictionary," says of it, that "it has decreased so rapidly within these twenty years, that in a few years more not a vestige of it will remain in these realms. The shepherds declare they have not seen one in their most favourite haunts upon the extensive downs of Wiltshire for the last two or three years." It lingered however in that county longer than Montagu supposed it would, as the last appearance there, before this present migration (one was recorded as having been killed near Salisbury the last week in January), seems to have been about 1849. In Norfolk it also lingered for a very considerable time. Mr. Stevenson, in his recently published "Birds of Norfolk," has given a most interesting history of the decline and fall of the great bustard in that county. According to him, it became extinct about the year 1838, although a few are supposed to have lingered on until 1843 or 1845; the last nest from which the young birds were successfully brought off was about the year 1832. Besides what we may consider the natural causes of the destruction of the great bustard, high farming and enclosures, its disappearance has been considerably hastened in Norfolk by a certain gamekeeper. Mr. Stevenson speaks of him as a most determined "otidicide." He erected a kind of masked battery of heavy duck guns, which were all arranged so as to concentrate their fire on a place which the bustard-killer aforesaid kept well supplied with turnip greens; to the triggers of these guns were attached long strings, reaching nearly a quarter of a mile. Each shepherd in the neighbourhood had instructions to pull the nearest string the moment he saw a good flock of bustards feeding on the turnip greens. In this manner as many as seven have been killed at one shot. In Cambridgeshire, the great bustard seems also to have lingered for a long time, or to have made a late migratory appearance, for Professor Newton, writing to me a short time ago on the subject of Mr. Harting's bustard (which I shall presently have to say more about), says that in the winter, he thinks of 1856 and '7, a great bustard stayed not far from Cambridge for many weeks. Unluckily he did not hear of it until after it had been shot at, and probably received its death wound; he however went to the place, and was rewarded by finding a good many feathers.

Although, as I have shown, for many years extinct as a resident, the great bustard has continued to pay occasional migratory visits nearly up to the present time, for the last notice I can find of it is as lately as November, 1864, when one was picked up dead, but still warm, floating on the water near Bridlington Quay. In Devonshire, where our bird was killed, the great bustard, though not resident, seems from time to time to have paid migratory visits. Montagu mentions the occurrence of one near Plymouth, as long ago as 1798, two more the next year, and one in 1804. Another Devonshire specimen occurred after a long interval on the 31st of December, 1851, near Clovelly, and was recorded in the "Naturalist" by Mr. Gatcombe. The 31st of December seems to be a favourite day with the great bustard in North Devon, for the flock of which this present specimen was one, appeared on the Braunton Burrows, near Barnstaple, on that day last year; the flock consisted of eight, and was first observed

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in a field near Croyde, where two were killed and one wounded. The remainder of the flock then alighted near some boys who were sliding close to Braunton, who pelted them with stones, upon which the birds flew off, and were not heard of for some days. Subsequently, I believe, the flock was seen near Holsworth, not very far from the border of

confined to Devonshire alone, for in the "Zoologist" specimens are reported from Middlesex, Northumberland, Wiltshire, and Somersetshire.

Of the latter, Mr. Harting, author of "Birds of Middlesex," thus wrote to the "Field": "On the 27th September last, while journeying by rail from Bishops Lydeard to Wells, I unexpectedly fell in



GREAT BUSTARD. (*Otis tarda*.)

Cornwall, but none were obtained there. Of course, so extraordinary an occurrence as that of eight great bustards was not passed over in silence by the local press. Accordingly, Mr. Gatcombe, who went to Barnstaple on purpose to glean particulars of the event, quotes in the "Zoologist" the following paragraph from the "North Devon Journal." "Wildfowl.—During Christmas week, a flock of eight wild turkeys visited this parish, and alighted in a field at Croyde. They were seen by Mr. William Smith, who followed and shot one, which weighed upwards of nine pounds, and was much admired. The others soon took their flight to the west, and have not since made their appearance." Mr. Gatcombe also says that, when at the railway-station, he met a man with some feathers in his hat, and on speaking to him concerning them, he replied, pointing to one of them, "This here, sir, belongs to one of them turkey buzzards." This notion of wild turkeys seems to have prevailed generally in North Devon, for as one of my labourers has a brother who is a gamekeeper somewhere near Barnstaple, I got him to write to his brother to glean any information about the bustards; his reply was that he had heard of the birds, but that they were wild turkeys.

This migration of the great bustard was not

with a great bustard on the low country by Shapwick. My attention was first arrested by seeing a bird crouch at the approach of the train. It was then at a considerable distance, and seeing only the head and back, I at first thought it must be a pheasant. Had it been in any other part of the county I should probably not have looked at it longer; but as there was no copse in sight and no hedgerows (the country being divided by dykes, as in the fens) it struck me as a most unlikely place for pheasants. I was thus led to keep my eyes on the bird until the train had decreased by two-thirds the distance between us. Frightened, no doubt, at the approaching noise, the bird then jumped up and ran swiftly away, exhibiting, to my astonishment, the long legs and white flanks of a bustard. Having been long accustomed to identify birds by their movements when at a distance, I am confident in this case that I could not have been mistaken; moreover, the previous study of live bustards had rendered me perfectly familiar with the species. I at once communicated the circumstance to my naturalist friends, not only in Somersetshire, but also in other parts of the country, and for the last three months I have been daily expecting to read an account of a great bustard killed in the west of England." Mr. Harting did, as he said, communicate this circumstance to his

friends, and I am afraid some of them, his Bishops Lydeard friends, at all events, were rather disposed to chaff him on the subject. There can, however, I think, be no doubt that he was right, and that the Shapwick bustard was the pioneer of the December migrants.

Though this migration has refreshed our memory of the great bustard for a time, we in England must, I am afraid, nevertheless look upon him as a bird of the past, certainly not as a resident. One or two migratory appearances may no doubt from time to time stir up the ornithological world, and cause a temporary excitement, but that a bird of such considerable size and conspicuous plumage should for any time continue to exist in such a highly cultivated and thickly inhabited country as England seems impossible. Should it do so in any considerable numbers we should very soon have an outcry from some of our farmers, as it is addicted to feeding on corn, both green and ripe, and is moreover especially fond of turnip greens. No doubt it partially makes up for this mischief by destroying a good deal of grub and insect life. In more ways than one high farming has been more fatal to the great bustard than anything else, even the otidicide mentioned by Mr. Stevenson, with his battery of duck guns. The present appearance will for a time rescue the great bustard from being only remembered as the sign of a public-house on Salisbury Plain, and from being classed with Mr. Weller's "a griffin, a unicorn, or a King's Arms at once, which is wery vell known to be a collection of fabulous animals."

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA AND ITS PEOPLE.

BY THE EDITOR.

XIII.—AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS.

BEFORE saying anything of the quality of American newspapers, I wish to refer to their quantity. In order to appreciate this, let us bear in mind the extent of journalism in Great Britain, which is far in advance of all other European countries.

At the beginning of this year there were 1,450 newspapers in the United Kingdom; of which in London there were published 261; in the provinces, 851; in Wales, 53; in Scotland, 131; in Ireland, 138; in the British Isles, 16.

Of daily newspapers there are 120 in the United Kingdom, of which 88 are in England; 1 in Wales; 11 in Scotland; 19 in Ireland; and 1 in the Channel Islands. Sixty-one are penny, and thirty-four are halfpenny newspapers. In 1866 there were 78, and in 1856 only 35 daily papers.

Now turn to America, with a population not much greater than our own. There are, at least, 5,200 newspapers published in the United States, of which 550 are daily papers. It is difficult to give the exact number, because many spring up and many perish every year, but these numbers are near the truth. New York, City and State, has more than 800, with a population not much greater than that of Scotland, or at least of Scotland and Wales together, which have only about 180 papers between them. New York City alone has 32 dailies. Philadelphia has 16, five more than all Scotland. Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Baltimore, and several other towns

have more dailies than any three of our greatest English towns.

The growth of the press has exceeded even the rapid increase of population. The first paper was printed at Boston in 1690. Eighty-five years after, in 1775, the number was only 34; in 1800 it had risen to 200; and in 1830 to 1,000.

The circulation of many of these papers is large. Seven of the New York dailies, known as the "New York Associated Press," print at least 112,000,000 sheets annually, and the remaining 25 New York dailies print nearly the same number of copies. There are about 85 newspapers in the Union, exceeding 20,000 each issue, of which 40 are in New York, 13 in Boston, 10 in Philadelphia, 8 in Chicago, and 5 in Cincinnati. About 150 have a circulation above 10,000, and 500 have 5,000 each issue. The average of the whole of the New England papers may be about 1,000; of the New York and Philadelphia, 750; of the papers of the West and South, 500 and 300 copies.

In a recent work on the "Progress of American Journalism," it is stated that "each of the great daily papers of New York to-day employs more than a hundred men, in different departments, and expends half a million of dollars annually, with less concern to the proprietors than an outlay of one-quarter of that sum would have occasioned in 1840. The editorial corps of the morning papers issued in New York on the first day of the present year numbered at least half a score of persons; the reporters were in equal force; sixty printers and eight or ten pressmen were employed to put in type and to print the contents of each issue of the paper; twenty carriers conveyed the printed sheets to its readers, and a dozen mailing clerks and book-keepers managed the business details of each establishment. Editorial salaries now range from twenty-five to sixty dollars a week; reporters receive from twenty to thirty dollars a week; and the gross receipts of a great daily paper for a year often reach the sum of one million of dollars, of which an average of one-third is clear profit. These statistics are applicable to four or five of the daily morning journals of New York."

All this implies a vast circulation of intelligence, and of popular enlightenment and education through the press. In this light the matter is viewed by the United States Government, which franks exchanges through the post. The system of exchanging papers is universal. Every editor gets numerous exchanges for copies of his paper, and so the whole country is kept "posted up" in the news of all parts of the Union.

At the same time there are several great centres of newspaper material and commerce. New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Chicago, San Francisco, and New Orleans, are among the centres of influence, the local papers of the various States and provincial towns distributing the public news from the central newspapers of these great cities. Every town and nearly every village has its newspaper. So that, as to quantity, America is before all the world the land of newspapers; in other words, where there is most free interchange of thought and most influence of public opinion.

But what of the quality of American journalism? I have no hesitation in affirming that, on the whole, it is as high as our own. They have no daily paper like our "Times," but they have a hundred as good as any of our best papers, excepting the "Times."

The "levelling-up" effected by education and public opinion, which has raised the mass of the American people above that of England, has also raised the press to a higher average standard. It would be easy to contradict this by citing many examples of coarseness, scurrility, and bad taste, culled from 5,000 papers, but the fact remains as to the general high tone, both intellectual and moral, of the American press. I affirm this from personal study of the best journals in the great cities, and comparison of their leading articles with those of our own London and provincial press. I do not deny the too common exhibition of the worst features of journalism, especially in some of the papers which have largest circulation. The "New York Herald" is probably the most prosperous paper in the Union, but it is so not, because of, but in spite of its bad features. Its success was achieved by the energy and tact of its first founder, who spared no labour and expense to supply the earliest and fullest news from all parts of the world. To this chief element of success other less worthy influences were joined. The tastes of the lowest classes were pandered to; the Irish and Popish population and their democratic leaders found here a sympathetic organ; and the anti-British prejudices always were concentrated in the columns of the "Herald." But its influence, never proportioned to its circulation, is less than that of the "Tribune," the "Times," the "World." While acknowledging its business ability, every true American is ashamed of its character; and the "New York Herald," though in some points the first, is no more to be taken as typical of American papers than New York is to be taken as the type and model of American cities.

In no other city than New York could a paper of so low a moral tone as the "Herald" attain to such success. The education and training, alike of writers and readers, would not tolerate similar journals in places where healthy public opinion is not overborne by a vast foreign and rowdy population as in New York. The leading journals of all the great towns throughout the States are, with few exceptions, marked by high moral tone as well as intellectual ability. I am glad to confirm this by the testimony of a writer in the "British Quarterly Review," who says in an article on "The American Press" (Jan., 1871):—"There is one aspect of Transatlantic literature which already contrasts favourably with our own, and that is its generally cordial recognition of Evangelical Christianity. With the exception of the German and French newspapers, which chafe under the restraints of a Christian country, and scoff at 'Judaic sabbaths, Pharisaic church-going, and tyrannical priestcraft,' there are no newspapers of any position in the States that are avowedly anti-Christian; and there is less disposition than formerly, on the part of the American press generally, to exclude all reference to distinctive Christianity. It was considered a remarkable circumstance at the time of the American revival that several newspapers, notorious for a thinly disguised infidelity, and for a most undisguised enmity to Evangelical religion, should not only publish the most ample reports of the movement, but commend it in a way that has had no parallel in English journalism, even before the tide of public opinion had turned decisively in its favour. It is the common custom still for American newspapers to print the sermons of popular preachers, and to publish a large

amount of religious intelligence. The press is also intensely Protestant, and has contributed to the growth of that enormous assimilating power by which American Protestantism has absorbed generation after generation of the Roman Catholic emigrants. The statistics of the Propaganda declare that one-half of the whole number has been lost to the Church of Rome; and the explanation is, that they can no more escape from the influence of American ideas than from the effects of the atmosphere and climate."

The recognition and support of Christian truth and influence is here attributed to the ordinary secular press, but besides this the "religious newspaper" has attained a position in America almost unknown in this country. We have various Church papers and Dissenting papers, and organs of various sects and denominations, but of journals professedly Christian rather than Ecclesiastical we can only name two or three. The American papers of the same class, though also representing or arising from special churches, as the "New York Independent" for the Congregationalists, and the "New York Observer" and the "Independent" for the Presbyterians, yet have vast circulation among all classes, who find them safe and instructive family newspapers, while at the same time supplying sound and profitable religious reading. The "Sunday newspaper" has thus come to be a phrase of very different import from what it has with us, where the chief attraction lies in raking together all the criminal literature of week.

Having said thus much in praise of American journalism, I have less scruple in noticing some of its defects. The first and most obvious fault is the gross personality in which it indulges. This is partly the result of the violent party spirit kept alive by the political institutions of the republic. Where half the public men of the nation are expecting every four years to unseat their rivals and occupy their places, they are not particular as to the weapons used in the strife. Abuse and slander are freely used against every aspirant to office, and thus public opinion has been habituated to think little of attacks on private life and character. The Americans have not yet attained to high culture in matters of courtesy and good taste, and hence the press, lacking the restraints of honour and good breeding, is limited in its personalities only by fear of legal penalties.

Another cause of this personality and rancour is the obtrusive position of editors and "gentlemen of the press." In England, the editors who exert most influence are often utterly unknown to public fame, and the best newspaper writing is always anonymous. In America, as in France, the journalists conduct their operations under motives not only of financial gain but of political ambition. The names of the editors and contributors are constantly paraded, and become identified with the several papers. Political discussion can thus hardly avoid becoming personal. The whole tone of American journalism affects the publicity which is characteristic of American life generally, and which is more akin to French bustle than English business. Since seeing the working of the American press, I am the more convinced of the advantage of our own anonymous journalism.

Another obvious fault in American newspapers is the strain of exaggeration, and the constant striving at "sensational" effects. Here again the American editors are less like the English than the French, who care more for what is wonderful than what

is true. Every paper aims at having startling and sensational announcements. Large capital headings sprawl down half the column, not on one side of the paper only, but everywhere except in the advertisement pages. For instance, a column of one of the first papers that came into my hand was headed in large capitals:

ANOTHER STEAM-BOAT HORROR.

And then followed a succession of announcements:

EXPLOSION OF THE BOILER OF A MISSISSIPPI STEAMER.

THE BOAT BURN'T TO THE WATER'S EDGE.

21 KILLED AND A LARGE NUMBER FATALLY INJURED.

PARTIAL LIST OF THE KILLED, WOUNDED, AND SAVED.

Another column of the same paper was devoted to

THE NATHAN MURDER.

OBSEQUIES OF BENJAMIN NATHAN.

SOLEMN SERVICES, GREAT CROWDS AND UNIVERSAL SYMPATHY.

SIGNIFICANT CHARGE OF JUDGE BEDFORD TO THE GRAND JURY.

TRACES OF THE MURDER.

A STARTLING STATEMENT.

This style of announcement is but an exaggeration of what is common in our own papers on exceptional occasions,* but in America it seems the constant habit of the press.

A more peculiar feature in the American newspapers is the use of small-capital interpolations in the middle of articles, in this style:

"One of the speakers" (referring to a meeting in Canada) "made
A HIT WORTHY OF BARNUM

by lugging out of his coat-tail pocket the rope with which the hands of Scott were tied when Rial executed him. We doubt whether the feeling would have

CULMINATED IN BLOODSHED,

for fortunately cooler counsels prevailed. The meeting was organised by the Montreal annexation party. Thus we see that the

FLAMES HAVE BURST OUT."

And so on.*

What has been said relates to the native American press. Outside of this there is a vast domain of journalism for the foreign population. The Irish have their own papers in all the great cities, and a more miserable and mischievous set of journals could not be imagined. Most of those which make the support of Popery their chief aim are conducted by perverts from Protestantism, who are as usual the most bigoted in their new creed, and most extreme in support of ultramontane views. The impudence of some of these American papists, exceeding even such European writers as Veuillot of the "Univers," is such as sorely tries the freedom of the press. Mr. Brownson, the most conspicuous of this class of writers, boldly asserts the right of the Church of Rome to adopt repressive measures whenever it has the power, and defends the punishing of heretics even by death. In the European war these journals from the first violently took the side of the French, as being the Roman Catholic power. The vast

majority of the American press sided with Prussia, till the French Republic was proclaimed. The mere name "republic" carried them away. They have not the sagacity of Louis Napoleon, who said to an American "interviewer," at Wilhelmshöhe, that a republic in France meant something very different from a republic in America.

Other Irish papers are more national than religious, and generally take an extreme anti-British tone, prospering on the credulity of the Fenian sympathisers in the States. These papers are also mischievous in their way, retarding the education of the Irish emigrants, and hindering them from becoming assimilated with the institutions of their adopted country.

The German press in America is not distinguished by much ability, but is less troublesome to the country. Their papers are numerous, New York alone having five or six German daily papers. There are about 260 German newspapers throughout the States, Pennsylvania having the largest number. Other nationalities have their organs. The Scandinavians have about a dozen. The Spaniards have eight or ten, the Italians four, the Welsh three, and at San Francisco there is one in Chinese and English. In wandering in the newspaper region of New York, near Nassau Street, I came upon the office of the "Scottish American." The Scotch do not generally interfere in local politics, but they, as well as their kinsfolk, the Ulster Presbyterians (who are rather to be reckoned as Scotch than Irish), are among the most prosperous and valued members of the American commonwealth.

I must add a very few words about periodicals other than newspapers proper. Of what are called "religious newspapers," combining politics and religion, I have already spoken. There are about 275 religious periodicals, associated with various religious sects and denominations. Their total circulation may be about 65,000,000. Not above a dozen of them have a circulation over 20,000. The Jews have many journals, and the Spiritualists, Swedenborgians, and other bodies have their own organs. There are not more than two or three avowedly infidel publications, but the number of obscene or criminal illustrated papers is unhappily on the increase, as well as sensational serials. On some of the railway lines the directors do not allow these polluting periodicals to be sold. The attention of magistrates and the local governments may well be given to this growing evil, which is undermining much of the good influence of popular education.

There are very few periodicals similar to that of which the "Leisure Hour" was the first example in England, combining useful and entertaining reading with a religious tone. This has been found with us the most effectual way of meeting pernicious literature, though the power of law may be fairly exercised in repressing publications obviously inciting to vice and crime.

Class periodicals abound in the States. Every profession, trade, and occupation has its organs. There are nearly 160 journals devoted to special subjects. Of commercial journals there are many. Of musical journals there are more than twenty. The printers have six, and the booksellers five periodicals. The Freemasons have about twenty papers, the Odd Fellows half as many, and the Temperance cause, which here means total abstinence, about forty. Of sporting papers and periodicals there are ten. The

* Two amusing sentences from the same number of the "New York Herald" we quote, the first of which shows the way in which English style is habitually corrupted. The summary of the news by the last European mail thus begins:—"The exhibit published in our columns to-day will be useful for future reference on questions regarding the motives and *animus* of great *contestants*, as well as the relative positions of the neutral powers and *peoples*." Another paragraph recommends to the Holy Father "the advantages of a permanent removal to the United States, where he would be secure against all European intrigues, complications, coalitions, and chances of war; and where his infallibility as the head of the Church would excite no dangerous jealousies, and could do no harm."

"Woman's Right's" movement has five or six representatives in the press, one of them with the portentous name of "The Revolution." The agricultural interest is the most strongly represented of any calling, having above 100 papers or journals. Educational journals are also numerous, some of which are aided by grants from the legislature.

The Scientific journals are many of them of a high order, which may also be said of the Medical and the Legal publications. The Literary periodicals are not of the same excellence, five or six magazines at most being worthy of notice; "Harper's," "Appleton's Journal," "Scribner's Monthly," the "Atlantic Monthly," and two or three more. For periodicals, as for books, the Americans are still largely dependent on the old country. The "North American Review" has good reputation, but the "Edinburgh" and the "Quarterly," and several other British reviews and periodicals, are regularly reprinted in the States. This tacit acknowledgment of deficiency does not, however, apply to theological works. There is the "Bibliotheca Sacra," of Andover, well known to scholars; and the "Princeton Review," edited by Dr. Hodge, the oldest quarterly in America, is still the best, and in general articles on history and philosophy, as well as theology, is second to none in Christendom.

Miss Tabitha Bray.



MISS TABITHA BRAY,

I am sorry to say,

Was a lady who made it a rule ev'ry day
To flit here and there—
In fact anywhere.

If news could be heard, Miss Bray didn't care
For a few drops of rain,
Or an ache or a pain;

What was one or the other if news she could gain
By a visiting round?

Miss Tabitha found

More pleasure in gossip than ease, I'll be bound.

One wet afternoon Miss Tabitha said,—
"I know I've a very bad cold in the head,
But I think it quite right and my duty to call
And see Miss Palaver, and let her know all
The affair that is now in every one's mouth
Concerning the death of our friend Mrs. South."

To her dear friend Miss P.,

Off went Miss T. B.,

Embraced her at once. "And now, love," said she,

"Pray, what do you think!

There, I feel fit to sink—

Mrs. South has poisoned herself with drink!

She died last night,

In a terrible plight;

I've been told it was truly a horrible sight!

There, you know, Miss Palaver, it seems, dear, to be

Quite as well that she's gone—though it's nothing to me."

"Well," answered Miss P.,

"I knew how 't would be.

In short, dear Miss Bray, I was once told that she
Always took *something strong* in her coffee and tea,
And would sit down and drink rum, gin, brandy, and wine
Till her nose was quite—well, it's no business of mine;
I would not raise scandal, Miss Bray, as you know,
But I think Mr. South will not much feel the blow."

"Hark! a ring at the bell,

And a knock, dear, as well.

Who can it be?—p'rhaps it is Mrs. McFell"—

The hostess then cried.

The door opened wide,

When who should walk in, with a long stately stride,

But the lady in question—our friend Mrs. South!

The gossipers stood with eyes open and mouth,

The pictures of dread.

"Why, we thought you were dead!"

Miss Tabitha soon summoned courage and said.

Mrs. South in reply,

Said, "Really, friends, I

Can assure you I'm not; but now, by-the-by,

May I ask who has told this remarkable lie?"

"Well, I heard from Miss Grim, and some one told her,"

Said Tabitha Bray, who was now waxing bolder,

"That you died last evening, between eight and nine,
Through drinking too much of strong spirits and wine."

"Strong spirits and wine!—drank too much and died!

I don't understand it!" the visitor cried:

"But stop—oh! I see

As plain as can be;

Some one has made mistakes evidently.

I have very bad sight;

Well, it happened last night

I took down a bottle—not having a light—

My medicine to take

(What an error to make!)

I poured out some *spirits of wine* by mistake,

And should not have found out

What I'd been about

If the girl had not then brought the light. No doubt

The servant-girl told

The facts, and behold!

The news spread abroad, and some one more bold,

For '*nearly*' said '*quite*,'

I was poisoned that night

Through drinking more spirits *and* wine than was right."

MORAL.

Be careful, dear reader, no scandal to raise;
Be not too apt to blame, nor too quick to praise,
And don't be induced, for the sake of the glory,
To add odds and ends of your own to a story;
But endeavour this precept of Scripture to mind,
That Charity thinketh no ill, and is kind.

SKETCHES OF THE GEOLOGICAL PERIODS AS THEY APPEAR IN 1871.

BY J. W. DAWSON, LL.D., F.R.S., PRINCIPAL OF MCGILL COLLEGE, MONTREAL.

V.—THE SILURIAN AGE (*continued*).



Nothing remains found in the Silurian rocks have been more fertile sources of discussion than the so-called *Graptolites*, or written stones—a name given long ago by Linneus, in allusion to the resemblance of some species having rows of cells on one side, to minute lines of writing. These little bodies usually appear as black coal stains on the surface of the rock, showing a slender stem or stalk, with a row of little projecting cells at one side, or two rows, one on each side. The more perfect specimens show that, in many of the species at least, these fragments were branches of a complex organism spreading from a centre; and at this centre there is sometimes perceived a sort of membrane connecting the bases of the branches, and for which various uses have been conjectured. The branches themselves vary much in different species. They may be simple or divided, narrow, or broad and leaf-like, with one row of cells, or two rows of cells. Hence arise generic distinctions into single and double graptolites, leaf and tree graptolites, net graptolites, and so on. But while it is easy to recognise these organisms, and to classify them in species and genera, it is not so easy to say what their affinities are with modern things. They are exclusively Silurian, disappearing altogether at the close of this period, and, so far as we know, not succeeded by any similar creatures serving to connect them with modern forms. Hence the most various conjectures as to their nature. They have been supposed to be plants, and have been successively referred to most of the great divisions of the lower animals. Most recently they have been regarded by Hall, Nicholson,* and others, who have studied them most attentively, as zoophytes or hydroids allied to the Sertulariae or tooth-corallines and sea-fir-corallines of our coasts, to the cell-bearing branches of which their fragments bear a very close resemblance. In this case, each of the little cells or teeth at the sides of the fibres must have been the abode of a little polyp, stretching out its tentacles into the water, and enjoying a common support and nutrition with the other polyps ranged with it. Still the mode of life of the community of branching stems is uncertain. In some species there is a little radicle or spike at the base of the main stem, which may have been a means of attachment. In others the hollow central disk has been conjectured to have served as a float. Occurring as the specimens do usually in shales and slates, which must have been muddy beds, they could not have been attached to stones or rocks, and they must have lived in clear water, either seated on the surface of the mud, attached to sea-weeds, or floating freely by means of hollow disks filled with air. After much thought on their structure and mode of occurrence, I am inclined to believe that in their younger stages they were attached, but by a very slender thread; that at a more advanced stage they became free, and acquiring a central membranous disk filled with air, floated by

means of this at the surface, their long branches trailing in the waters below. They would thus be, with reference to their mode of life, prototypes of the modern Portuguese man-of-war, which now drifts so gaily over the surface of the warmer seas. I have represented them in this attitude; but in case I should be mistaken, the reader may imagine it possible that they may be adhering to the lower surface of floating tangle.

Lastly, just as the Silurian period was passing away, we find a new thing in the earth—vertebrate animals, represented by several species of shark-like fishes, which came in here as forerunners of the dynasty of the vertebrates, which from that day to this have been the masters of the world. These earliest vertebrates are especially interesting as the first known examples of a plan of structure which culminates only in man himself. They appear to have had cartilaginous skeletons; and in this and their shagreen-like skin, strong bony spines, and trenchant teeth, to have much resembled our modern sharks, or rather the dog-fishes, for they were of small size. One genus (*Pteraspis*), apparently the oldest of the whole, belongs, however, to a tribe of mailed fishes allied to some of those of the old red sandstone. In both cases the groups of fishes representing the first known appearance of vertebrates were allied to tribes of somewhat high organisation in that class; and they asserted their claims to dominancy by being predaceous and carnivorous creatures, which must have rendered themselves formidable to their invertebrate contemporaries. Coprolites, or fossil masses of excrement, which are found with them, indicate that they chased and devoured orthoceratites, and sea-snails of various kinds, and snapped Lingulæ and erinoids from their stalks; and we can well imagine that these creatures, when once introduced, found themselves in rich pasture and increased accordingly. Space prevents us from following farther our pictures of the animal life of the great Silurian era, the monuments of which were first discovered by two of England's greatest geologists, Murchison and Sedgwick. How imperfect such a notice must be, may be learned from the fact that Dr. Bigsby, in his "*Thesaurus Siluricus*," in 1868, catalogues 8,897 Silurian species, of which only 972 are known in the Primordial.

Our illustration, carefully studied, may do more to present to the reader the teeming swarms of the Silurian seas than our word-picture, and it includes many animal forms not mentioned above, more especially the curved and nautilus-like cuttle-fishes, those singular molluscous swimmers by fin or float known to zoologists as violet-snails, winged snails or pteropods, and carinarias; and which, under various forms, have existed from the Silurian to the present time. The old *Lingulæ* are also there as well as in the Primordial, while the fishes and the land vegetation belong, as far as we yet know, exclusively to the Upper Silurian, and point forward to the succeeding Devonian. We know as yet no Silurian animal that lived on the land or breathed air. But our knowledge of land plants, though very meagre, is important. Without regarding such obscure and uncertain forms

* See also an able paper by Carruthers in the "Geological Magazine," vol. v., p. 64.

as the *Eophyton* of Sweden, Hooker, Page, and Barrande have noticed, in the Upper Silurian, plants allied to the Lycopods or club-mosses, and I have found in the same deposits another group of plants allied to Lycopods and pill-worts (*Psilophyton*), and fragments of wood representing the curious and primitive type of pine-like trees known as *Prototaxites*. These are probably only a small instalment of Silurian land plants, such as a voyager might find floating in the sea on his approach to some unknown shore, which had not yet risen above his horizon. Time and careful search will, no doubt, add largely to our knowledge.

In the Silurian, as in the Cambrian, the headquarters of animal life were in the sea. Perhaps there was no animal life on the land; but here our knowledge may be at fault. It is, however, interesting to observe the continued operation of the creative fiat, "Let the waters swarm with swimmers," which, beginning to be obeyed in the Eozoic age, passes down through all the periods of geological time to the "moving things innumerable" of the modern ocean. Can we infer anything further as to the laws of creation from these Silurian multitudes of living things? One thing we can see plainly, that the life of the Silurian is closely related to that of the Cambrian. The same generic and ordinal forms are continued. Even some species may be identical. Does this indicate direct genetic connection, or only like conditions in the external world correlated with likeness in the organic world? It indicates both. First, it is in the highest degree probable that many of the animals of the Lower Silurian are descendants of those of the Cambrian. Sometimes these descendants may be absolutely unchanged. Sometimes they may appear as distinct varieties. Sometimes they may have been regarded as distinct though allied species. The continuance in this manner of allied forms of life is necessarily related to the continuance of somewhat similar conditions of existence, while changes in type imply changed external conditions. But is this all? I think not; for there are forms of life in the Silurian which cannot be traced to the Cambrian, and which relate to new and even prospective conditions, which the unaided powers of the animals of the earlier period could not have provided for. These new forms require the intervention of a higher power, capable of correlating the physical and organic conditions of one period with those of succeeding periods. Whatever powers may be attributed to natural selection or to any other conceivable cause of merely genetic evolution, surely prophetic gifts cannot be claimed for it; and the life of all these geological periods is full of mute prophecies to be read only in the light of subsequent fulfilments.

The fishes of the Upper Silurian are such a prophecy. They can claim no parentage in the older rocks, and they appear at once as kings of their class. With reference to the Silurian itself, they are of little consequence; and in the midst of its gigantic forms of invertebrate life they seem almost misplaced. But they predict the coming Devonian, and that long and varied reign of vertebrate life which culminates in man himself. No such prophetic ideas are represented by the giant crustaceans and cuttle-fishes and swarming graptolites. They had already attained their maximum, and were destined to a speedy and final grave in the Silurian, or to be perpetuated only in decaying families whose poverty

is rendered more conspicuous by the contrast with the better days gone by. The law of creation provided for new types, and at once for the elevation and degradation of them when introduced; and all this with reference to the physical conditions not of the present only but of the future. Such facts, which cannot be ignored except by the wilfully blind, are beyond the reach of any merely material philosophy.

The little that we know of Silurian plants is as eloquent of plan and creation as that which we can learn of animals. I saw not long ago a series of genealogies in geological time reduced to tabular form by that ingenious but imaginative physiologist, Haeckel. In one of these appeared the imaginary derivation of the higher plants from Algæ or seaweeds. Nothing could more curiously contradict actual facts. Algæ were apparently in the Silurian neither more nor less elevated than in the modern seas, and those forms of vegetable life which may seem to bridge over the space between them and the land plants in the modern period, are wanting in the older geological periods, while land plants seem to start at once into being in the guise of club-mosses, a group by no means of low standing. Our oldest land plants thus represent one of the highest types of that cryptogamous series to which they belong, and moreover are better developed examples of that type than those now existing. We may say, if we please, that all the connecting links have been lost; but this is begging the whole question, since nothing but the existence of such links could render the hypothesis of derivation possible. Further, the occurrence of any number of successive yet distinct species would not be the kind of chain required, or rather would not be a chain at all.

Yet in some respects development is obvious in creation. Old forms of life are often embryonic, or resemble the young of modern animals, but enlarged and exaggerated, as if they had overgrown themselves and had prematurely become adult. Old forms are often generalised, or less specific in their adaptations than those of modern times. There is less division of labour among them. Old forms sometimes not only rise to the higher places in their groups, but usurp attributes which in later times are restricted to their betters. Old forms are often gigantic in size in comparison with their modern successors, which, if they could look back on their predecessors, might say, "There were giants in those days." Some old forms have gone onward in successive stages of elevation by a regular and constant gradation. Others have remained as they were through all the ages. Some have no equals in their groups in modern days. All these things speak of order, but of order along with development, and this development not evolution; unless by this term we understand the emergence into material facts of the plans of the creative mind. These plans we may hope in some degree to understand, though we may not be able to comprehend the mode of action of creative power any more than the mode in which our own thought and will act upon the machinery of our own nerves. Still, the power is not the less real, that we are ignorant of its mode of operation. The wind bloweth whither it listeth, and we feel its strength, though we may not be able to calculate the wind of to-morrow or the winds of last year. So is the spirit of God when it breathes into animals the breath of life, or the Almighty word when it says, "Let the waters bring forth."

Varieties.

CENSUS OF THE UNITED STATES FOR 1870.—The returns have been all received at Washington, and the enumeration has been completed sufficiently to show the total population of the country as compared with the total shown by the census of 1860. There are now 37 States, while in 1860 there were 34, the additional States now having been Territories then.

States.	1860.	1870.	States.	1860.	1870.
Alabama ..	964,201	996,961	Oregon ..	52,465	90,922
Arkansas ..	435,450	483,179	Pennsylvania ..	2,906,115	3,515,935
California ..	379,994	560,285	Rhode Island ..	174,020	217,350
Connecticut ..	460,147	537,413	South Carolina ..	703,708	725,000
Delaware ..	112,216	125,015	Tennessee ..	1,109,801	1,257,983
Florida ..	149,425	187,758	Texas ..	604,215	797,500
Georgia ..	1,057,296	1,200,609	Vermont ..	315,068	330,552
Illinois ..	1,711,951	2,539,638	Virginia ..	1,224,830	1,224,830
Indiana ..	1,350,428	1,673,046	Wt. Virginia ..	1,596,318	445,616
Iowa ..	674,943	1,191,802	Wisconsin ..	775,881	1,055,167
Kansas ..	107,206	362,872			
Kentucky ..	1,155,684	1,321,001		31,185,503	38,092,653
Louisiana ..	708,002	732,731	Territories, &c.		
Maine ..	623,279	626,463	Idaho ..	—	14,998
Maryland ..	687,049	730,806	Washington ..	11,504	23,901
Massachusetts ..	1,231,066	1,457,351	Montana ..	—	20,594
Michigan ..	749,113	1,184,296	Dakota ..	4,837	14,181
Minnesota ..	173,835	455,511	Wyoming ..	—	9,113
Mississippi ..	791,405	835,170	District of Co-		
Missouri ..	1,182,012	1,715,000	lumbia ..	75,030	131,090
Nebraska ..	28,841	123,000	Utah ..	40,273	36,786
Nevada ..	5,357	42,491	New Mexico ..	98,516	91,852
N. Hampshire ..	326,073	318,300	Arizona ..	—	9,658
New Jersey ..	672,035	905,794	Colorado ..	34,277	39,706
New York ..	3,880,737	4,364,411			
Nrth. Carolina ..	992,622	1,069,614		259,577	442,500
Ohio ..	2,339,502	2,659,214			
Total population of the United States ..	31,445,080	38,535,153			

There is no enumeration of the wild Indian tribes of the West, or of those in the Indian territory. Nebraska in 1860 (then a territory) contained a portion of the present territory of Dakota.

MACCALLUM MORE.—This designation borne by the Duke of Argyll as the head of the Clan Campbell is so given in English by Sir Walter Scott and other writers. This English rendering is, however, an incorrect expression of the original. Colin, or in Gaelic Caillean, was the ancestor of the house of Argyll, to whom the term Mor, or great, was applied. Mac Caillean Mor, or MacColin More, is therefore the correct form. MacCallum More means Son of the Great Malcolm; but this very incorrect style of the title of His Grace of Argyll has been so fixed, as the Americans would say, by English writers, that it will probably continue to be used.

DETHRONED.—The *Independence Belge* gives the following list of sovereigns still living who have been deprived of their thrones:—Prince Gustave Wasa of Sweden, 1809; Count de Chambord, Aug. 12, 1830; Duke Charles of Brunswick, Sept. 17, 1830; Count de Paris, Feb. 24, 1848; Duke Robert de Parme, 1852; Grand Duke Ferdinand of Tuscany, 1860; Duke Francis of Modena, 1860; Francois II. of Naples, Feb., 1861; the widow of King Otho of Greece, Oct. 24, 1862; Duke Adolf of Nassau, 1866; King George of Hanover, 1866; the Elector of Hesse, 1866; Empress Charlotte of Mexico, 1867; Isabella of Spain, 1869; Emperor Napoleon, 1870.

FERTILIZING FLUID WASTED.—According to returns furnished by the engineer of the Metropolitan Board of Works, the daily average quantity of sewage pumped into the river Thames at Crossness was 365,135 cubic metres, and at Barking 239,902 cubic metres, equivalent to about as many tons by weight.

RE-VACCINATION.—The following is the memorandum issued from the Medical Department of the Privy Council:—By vaccination in infancy, if thoroughly well performed and successful, most people are completely insured, for their whole lifetime, against an attack of small-pox; and in the proportionately few cases where the protection is less complete, small-pox, if it be caught, will, in consequence of the vaccination, generally be so mild a disease as not to threaten death or disfigurement. If, however, the vaccination in early life have been but imperfectly performed, or have from any other cause been but imperfectly successful, the protection against small-pox is much less satisfactory; neither lasting so long, nor while it lasts being nearly so complete, as the protection which first-rate vaccination gives. Hitherto, unfortunately, there has always been a very large quantity of imperfect vaccination; and in consequence the population always contains very many persons who, though nominally vaccinated and believing themselves to be protected against small-pox, are really liable to infection, and may in some cases contract as severe forms of small-pox as if they had

never been vaccinated. Partly because of the existence of this large number of imperfectly vaccinated persons, and partly because also even the best infantine vaccination sometimes in process of time loses more or less of its effect, it is advisable that all persons who have been vaccinated in infancy should, as they approach adult life, undergo re-vaccination. Generally speaking, the best time of life for re-vaccination is about the time when growth is completing itself, say from 15 to 18 years of age; and persons in that period of life ought not to delay their re-vaccination till times when there shall be special alarm of small-pox. In proportion, however, as there is prevalence of small-pox in any neighbourhood, or as individuals are from personal circumstances likely to meet chances of infection, the age of 15 need not be waited for; especially not by young persons whose marks of previous vaccination are unsatisfactory. In circumstances of special danger, every one past childhood, on whom re-vaccination has not before been successfully performed, ought without delay to be re-vaccinated. Re-vaccination, once properly and successfully performed, does not appear ever to require repetition. The nurses and other servants of the Small-pox Hospital, when they enter the service, are invariably submitted to vaccination, which in their case generally is re-vaccination, and is never afterwards repeated; and so perfect is the protection, that though the nurses live in the closest and most constant attendance on small-pox patients, and though also the other servants are in various ways exposed to special chances of infection, the resident surgeon of the hospital, during his thirty years of office there, has never known small-pox affect any one of these nurses or servants. Legal provisions for re-vaccination are made in the 8th section of the Vaccination Act, 1867, and in Section 4 of the Regulations which the Lords of the Council under authority of the Act issued in their Order of February 18th, 1868. Under these provisions re-vaccination is now performed by all public vaccinators at their respective vaccinating-stations; and, so far as is not inconsistent with the more imperative claims for primary vaccination, any person who ought to be re-vaccinated may, on applying to the public station of the district in which he resides, obtain re-vaccination at the public expense.

GREAT KAIETEUR WATERFALL OF BRITISH GUIANA.—This lofty and picturesque waterfall was discovered by Mr. C. B. Brown, of the Geological Survey of the Colony, in April, 1870, while descending the Potaro River, a western tributary of the Upper Essequibo. It is formed by the River Potaro precipitating itself over the edge of the sandstone table-land of the interior into the lower country of the Essequibo Valley. He was sent by Governor Scott in June to make a second visit and obtain accurate measurements of the falls, and was then accompanied by Sir George Young, Mr. Mitchell, and Mr. E. King. The total height was found to be 822ft., the width of the river at the edge of the fall 123 yards, and the depth of water near the edge 15ft. 2in., the level being at that season 5ft. below that of the rainy season. Mr. J. G. Sawkins, the director of the Geological Survey of British Guiana, exhibited a series of most effective water-colour drawings of the falls and neighbouring country, and mentioned the peculiar character imparted to the scenery of the country by the long flat-topped mountains with precipitous sides. Mount Roraima was the most remarkable, rising like a huge mass of masonry above the surrounding country; the height was 7,500 feet above the sea-level, and its length, as shown by Mr. Brown, 18 miles; the level summit is inaccessible to men, and upon it rise tributaries which flow different ways to feed the Essequibo, the Orinoco, and the Amazons; these streams in descending from the plateau forming in some cases waterfalls having a leap of 1,500ft.

SOMETHING LIKE "PROTECTION."—A statement addressed to Congress shows that on one invoice of 716 tons of salt, costing in United States' currency \$1,637, and imported from Liverpool, the duty amounted to \$3,291, or 200 per cent. on cost. In another instance, on 680 tons, costing \$1,526, the duty was \$3,043, or 199 per cent. In yet another, on 270 tons, costing \$695, the duty reached \$1,265, or 209 per cent. The *New York Times* says:—"The freight on the cargoes averages about 175 per cent. of cost, and that, surely, should be sufficient protection for this branch of American industry. If to this item be added the duty, we have in the cases cited evidence that the Onondaga producers are protected to the extent of from 374 to 384 per cent. of the value of their product. Is it wrong to describe an interest that is cared for so extravagantly as a monopoly?"

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